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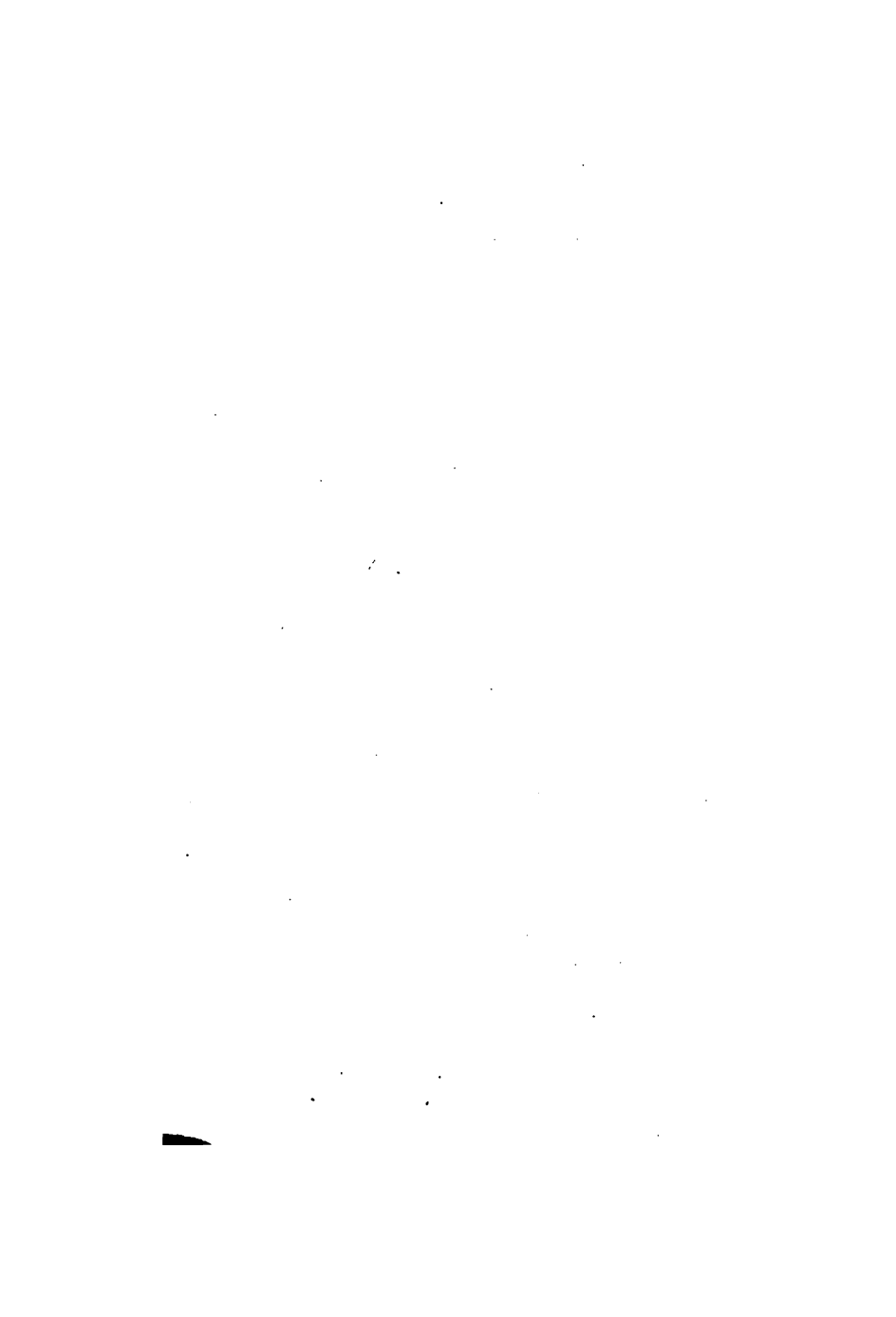
HESPERIDUM

SUSURRI



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HESPERIDUM SUSURRI.

SUBLEGERUNT

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COLLEGI S.S. ET INDIV. TRIN. IUXTA DUBLIN
ALUMNI.

*Ἑσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἄκταν
ἀνύσαιμι τᾶν ἀοιδῶν.—EURIPIDES.*

APUD RIVINGTON:
LONDINI, OXONII, CANTABRIGIAE.

MDCCCLXVII.

MLB 1360, 30

Cantabrigiae:

TVPIS EXCUDEBAT J. PALMER.

LECTORI S.

“DE conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule” dicat aliquis quum hic libellus in manus venerit. Et sane fatendum est nōnnisi in Cami Isidis Sabrinae ripis luisse hactenus cum Musis viros literatos.

Verum enimvero adrogantiae esset vel deprecari ne quis cum ingeni summi atque elegantiae exquisitissimae monumentis quae Aonidum illi antistites exegerunt nostrum hunc fasciculum contendat: quippe quem nostro Marte, neque Academiae, ut illi, scrinia rimantes contextuerimus.

Ne mireris, Lector, nos eo audaciae provectos esse, scito, (quae res forsitan te fefellit,) hanc nostram insulam Hesperidum sedem fuisse atque adeo esse; nos autem in lucos Sororum forte incidentes,

ἑσχατιῇ πρὸς νυκτὸς ἵν' Ἑσπερίδες λιγύφωνοι,

non grandi quidem plectro excussa carmina, sed murmura et tanquam vocis imagines arripuisse. Quodsi quid male dissonum in hisce versiculis purgatas tuas aures offenderit, memento nos SUSURROS modo HESPERIDUM sublegisse. Itaque si vitium sonaverint, plectamur qui Dearum arcana audacius evulgaverimus, neque in culpam incidant Hesperides. Vale.

Dabamus DUBLINII,

Id. Jan. MDCCCLXVII.



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11,	26,	" φίλη	" φίλη.
15,	2,	" ἄγαν	" ἔγαν.
23,	1,	" καλῶ	" καλῶ.
23,	3,	" ῥ'	" ῥ'.
29,	11,	" ἐντὶ	" ἐντὶ.
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29,	26,	" παρδαλέη	" παρδαλέα.
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71,	14,	" Lund	" Luna.
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HESPERIDUM SUSURRI.

"I would I were a careless child."

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave.
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.

BYRON.



Fastidiosam desere copiam.

SECUROS utinam vitae puer inscius annos
 Sub scopulis agerem, terra paterna, tuis!
 Devius aut inter sublustria tesca vagarer!
 Navita caeruleis aut agitarer aquis!
 Romulei luxus moles male convenit illi
 Cui mens servili non temerata jugo 'st;
 Scilicet ille ardet duri latera aspera montis,
 Saxaque vesano spumea facta freto.

Taedia me subiere urbis, subiere Quiritum;
 Non odisse tamen, deseruisse juvat;
 Mens caligantis desiderat abdita sylvae,
 Tristitia tristi conveniente mihi.
 O mihi remigium alarum si fata dedissent,
 Quo repetit nidos vecta columba suos!
 Nubila dividerem fugiens per inania coeli
 Perpetuâ possem qua requiete frui.

B.

Dead Henry.

ANNE—RICHARD.

- A. O gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity!
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!
- R. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
- A. Villain, thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
- R. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
- A. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
- R. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Esgo barulo tantum.

- A. Ἴδεσθ', ἄνακτος χεῖλεσιν μαιφόνους
 ἔλκη κεχηνόθ' αἵματος νεορρύτους
 ῥήγνυσσι πηγάς· σοὶ δέ, δυσχερές τέρας,
 στύγημ' ἄμορφον, οὐχὶ πορφυρέαν βαφήν
 ἥλλαξε χροιά· σῆς γὰρ ἔται πικρῶς
 ὑπαὶ προσόψεως ἐξ ἀναιμάτων φλεβῶν,
 κενῶν τε κηκίουςα συρίγγων λιβάς.
 σοὶ δ' ἔργ' ἄνοικτ' ἀνοσία τ' ἐξειργασμένῳ,
 ἧδ' ἀνοσία πλημμυρὶς ἐξανέξεσεν.
 ἀλλ' ὦ θεοῦ τόδ' αἶμα φυσάντος σέβας,
 πεσήματός τε Γαῖα τοῦδ' ἀνδρόφθορον
 ῥοφούσα πέλανον, εἴα, φαίνεσθε σφαγῆς
 τίται· σὺ δ', οὐραν', αἰθαλοῦν σκήψας βέλος,
 τὸν αὐτοέντην πρήσον, ἦ σὺν, γῆς βάθρον
 μέλαν διαστὰν, κρύψον οὐκ ἐς ἀμβολὰς,
 ὥς αἶμα θοινᾷ τοῦθ' ὃ νερτέρων ὕπο
 ἔδευς Ἑρινὺς αὐτόχειρ ὠρμημένη.
- P. ποῦ δ' ἄρ' Αἰδὼς ἢ καλῶς δρώσ', οὐ καλῶς πα-
 θοῦσ' ὁμως,
 εὖστομον νωμῶσα γλῶσσαν ὕβρεως ἀντίσταθμον·
- A. τοῦ δ' ἔχεις θεῶν, κάκιστε, τοῦ βροτῶν ἐπιστροφὴν·
 θῆρ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὧδ' ἄσαντος ὥστ' ἀκήλητον κλίνειν.
- P. οὐτ' ἐμ' οὖν ἄσαντον, ὥς σοι, θῆρα πῶς ὀρθῶς λέγεις·
- A. ὦ ποποῖ, γλῶσσης κακίστης οὐδαμῶς ψευδηγόρου.
- P. ὦ ποποῖ, γλῶσσης ἀρίστης ἐκνύμως τεθηγμένης.

To his Forsaken Mistress.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee ;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
Which kisseth every thing it meets :
And since thou canst kiss more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands
Armed with her briars, how sweetly smells !
But plucked and strained through ruder hands
Her scent no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Posito dica: amore rudis.

SUNT tibi (confiteor) teretis sunt membra figurae,
 Et mihi, te visa, sternuit omen Amor.
 Attamen (experto jam crede) levissima quaeque
 Te nimium facilem vota movere valent.
 Nunc istam potero securus omittere formam
 Quippe parum dignam quam quis amare velit.

Dulce decus certe—quis enim neget?—est tibi multum,
 Quod tamen effundis prodiga dulce decus,
 Sic tuus est venti similis favor. Oscula ventus
 Si qua vago fit res obvia mille rapit.
 Basia sed quoniam tam largo dividis ore
 Pluribus, omnino basia nulla meres.

Quae rosa mane novo spinis obsessa rubescit,
 Inviolata suo complet odore nemus,
 Ast eadem duris manibus discerpta prematur,
 Virgineus lacerae non remanebit odor:
 Sed fugit heu nectar, miserae nitor effugit omnis,
 Sensim frondosus disperit omnis honos.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while ;
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;—
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

AYTOUN.

Te quoque, quum fueris modo contrectata per omnem
Paullisper populum, talia fata manent.
Nempe inter flores marcentes spreta jacebis,
Ridebunt alii, me lacrimante, vices ;
Quod stulte dum sic plures sectaris amores
Cunctas plorabis destituisse faces.

C.

Taled.

GRIEF hath so tamed a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not :
But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talked all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of sorrow paints
And woos to listen to her fond complaints :
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee !
And in that posture where she saw him fall
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;
Herself would question and for him reply ;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagined spectre in pursuit ;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand—
This could not last—she lies by him she loved ;
Her tale untold, her truth too dearly proved.

BYRON.

ΠΡΟΘΤΜΟΣ ΜΑΛΛΟΝ Η. ΣΟΦΩΤΕΡΑ.

Δύπη δ' ἐκείνης λήμ' ἄγαν ὑψήλοφρον
 οὕτω κατήρτυσ', ὥστε δακρύων κόρην
 πηγὰς σβέσασαν ὀρθίων ὑποστένειν
 κωκυμάτων ἀναυδον ἐκ δ' ὠργίζετο
 πικρᾶς δι' ὀργῆς πρὸς βίαν τις εἰ θέλοι
 ἀποσπασαί νιν ἐκ τόπων ἐν οἷς ἔτι
 σχολῇ γ' ἂν αὐτὸν οὐ πάροντ' ἐδόξασεν.
 ἐκεῖ δὲ συντήκουσα πάντα δὴ χροὸν
 λόγους ἀνέσπα παράφρονας σκιαῖς τισὶν
 οἷας ὁ θῦμος ἐγγράφειν φρέσιν φιλεῖ,
 σπουδῇ ματαίᾳ, συμφοραῖς δεδηγμένος,
 θελκτηρίοις τε παρακαλεῖ λόγοις ἀεὶ
 γόους ἀπράκτους συγκατοικτιουμένας.
 δένδρῳ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῷ πολλάκις καθέζετο
 ψυχορράγοντος γοιυπετῆς ὅπου κára
 ἤρεισεν ἀνδρὸς, ἐκ δὲ θνήσκοντος λόγους
 ἐν νῷ λαβοῦσα κῶμμα καὶ δραγμὸν χεροῖν,
 ἐσχημάτιζεθ' ὥς νιν εἰσεῖδεν πεσεῖν
 αὐτὴν δ' ἐρωτῶσ' ἀνδρὸς ἀντηνδᾶθ' ὑπερ.
 κἀνταῦθ' ἀναστᾶσ', ἐκπλαγεῖσα νώτισαι
 δράμῃμ' ἄνωγεν, ὥς διώκοντός τινος
 φρενῶν νοσοῦσων φάσματος· ῥίξαις δ' ἐπι
 κάμπτουσα τρομερὸν φιλυρίναισί που γόνυ,
 λεπταῖς τε χερσὶν ὄμμ' ἐπεσκιασμένη,
 ἄσημα σήματ' εἰσέγραψεν ἐν κόνει.
 οὐκ εἰς μακράν γε· σὺν δὲ φιλτάτῳ φίλῃ
 κεῖται 'ν τάφοις, θανούσ' ἐπ' ἀρρήτῳ λόγῳ
 ἔρωτος, ἀλλὰ πίστιν ἐκδείξασ' ἄγαν.

The Gift.

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make,
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give, and let 'em ;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give, but not the full-blown rose,
Or rosebud, more in fashion ;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil ;
I'll give thee, ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee to the d——.

GOLDSMITH.

Sit modo libertas quæ velit ira loqui.

DIC, mea lux, emendos
Quam juvat risus facili saevitia negare,
Quæ redeunte dona
Largiens anno, doceam quo peream calore?

Demne manus? amantem
Me tuis cedens oculis, Lydia dura, captum?
Quum tamen impotenti
Sordeat laurus, nihili tantulum erit tropaeum.

Sarcinulis et auro
Te petat si quis caleat, me nihil invidente,
Talia mille, talis
Si juvat cultus, tribuam, nŕ mihi Dŕ negârint.

Non rosa, non adulta
Matre quæ mollis potius gemma placet puellis,
Te doceat quid urar,
Flos brevis, qualive jecur torquear igne lento.

Perpetui caloris
Pignus, illaesæque fide, nec nisi jam tributum,
Lydia, dic amanti,
Esse quid dicam; teneo; do laqueum puellæ.

Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH—MACBETH.

- L. M.* How now, my Lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.
- M.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of those terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

ΚΥΡΙΟΙ ΕΤΗΝΟΜΟΤΑΙ.

Γ. ἀλλ', ἀναξ, τί ταῦτα; ποίαν τήνδ' ἄγεις ἐρημίαν,
τοῖς ἄγαν λυπροῖς ὀμιλῶν καρδίας φαντάσμασιν,
χρώμενος γνώμαισιν οἷαις, τοῖσδ' ἄμ' ὦν γνώμη πέρι,
ξυνθανεῖν θνήσκουσι χρῆν ἄν; φροῦδα τὰξειργασ-
μένα,

ξυμφοράς τ' ἐξωριάζειν τὰς ἀνηκέστους χρεῶν.

Μ. ἡ τετρωμένη δ' ἔχιδνα καιρίαν οὔπω τομῆν
τάχα παλιμβλαστής ἄσαντον ὥς πάρος φανεῖ φύσιν
δύσφρονες δ' ἡμεῖς ματαίως τρέσομεν αὐτὸ πρὶν δάκος·
εἴθε γὰρ στρεβλοῖτο γαίας πήγματ', εἴθε Τάρταρος
κοῦρανὸς πάθοι τι πρόσθεν ἢ 'μὲ σύνδειπνον πικρὸν
δεῖμ' ἔχειν, ὕπνοις τ' ἀϋπνοῖς ὧδ' ἀεὶ κατ' εὐφρόνην
δυσπροσόπτοισιν τ' ὀνείροις ξυνταράσσεσθαι δέμας.
τοῖς κεκμηκόσι ξυνεῖναι φημι πρεσβεύειν πολὺ,
οὓς ἐγὼ κύρος ματεύων εἰσάπαξ ἐκοίμισα,*
μᾶλλον ἢ ψυχὴν ἀλύειν νυκτιπλάγκτοισιν δύαις.
τόν γε κούρανον κατίσχει τύμβος, ὑπνώσσει βαθύν,
πίτυλον αἰῶνος περάσας, πύρετον ἀστάθμητον ὧς.

* Vel si legendum "Whom I to gain my peace have sent to peace,"
οὓς γε, κοιῶμην ἴν' αὐτός, εἰσάπαξ ἐκοίμισα.

Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

L. M. Come on ;

Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

M. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in this flattering stream,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

L. M. You must leave this.

M. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

L. M. But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.

M. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

L. M. What's to be done ?

M. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,

Προδοσία δ' ἐξεῖκε πάντα δὴ κάλων· οὐδὲ ξίφος,
οὐδ' ἐνοίκιος στάσις τις, οὐδ' ἐπηλυδων Ἀρης,
οὐδὲ φάρμακόν τι, κεῖ τι τῶνδε δυσχιμώτερον,
τοῦδ' ἐφάπτεσθαι δύναιτ' ἂν οὔ ποτ' αὐθις ὕστερον.

Γ. ἄγε, φέριστ' ἄναξ, λήνας τάσδε τραχείας ὀφρύς,
νυκτεροῖς θοινατόρων κώμοισι φαιδρόνους πρέπε.

Μ. ὥς ἴδοις ἔμ' ὄντα τοῖονδ' οὔσα τοιαύτη, φίλη!
ἀλλὰ δεῖ σ' ὅπως μελήσει Βάγκον ἐν τιμῇ σέβειν
ρήμασιν τε καὶ προσόψει· τὸν γὰρ ἐν μέσῳ χρόνον
οὐχὶ κινδύνων ἄνευ ἔστιν, ὥς μελιγλώσσοις λόγων
ρεύμασιν δεύειν γέρα δεῖ· δεῖ τε προσποιουμένους
ἔμμ' ὑπόβλητον καλύπτειν οἷα καλχαίνει κέαρ.

Γ. δεῖ δέ σ' ἐντεῦθεν γ' ἀφορμᾶν

Μ. ὦ γυναῖ, κεντήμασιν
σκορπίων ἐμοῖ βρύει φρήν, οὔνεκ' ἐς ζῶντας τελεῖ
Βάγκος, ὥς σκεθρῶς ἐπίστα, χῶ νεανίας ἔτι.

Γ. ἡ φύσις δ' ὅμως ἐκείνοι οὐχὶ συγγράφασ' ἔχει
τοῦ βίου τὸ ξυμβόλαιον εἰς τὸν αἰανὴ χρόνον.

Μ. ἔτι παραψυχὴ τίς ἐστίν τοῖνδ' γ' ἐμπίπτειν πάρα·
πρὸς τὰδ' οὖν εὐελπὶς ἴσθι· πρὶν γὰρ ἢ κατηρεφῇ
ἐν στοαῖς νυκτερίδα κυκλεῖν πτήσιν, ἢ κολεόπτερον
κάνθαρον φαιοχίτωνος πρὸς Ἑκάτης ὑπάγγελον,
τὸν βρόμους βομβοῦνθ' ὑπνωδεῖς, νύκτ' ἐπιρροίβδην
λακεῖν,

ἄξιον πρᾶγός τι δεινοῦ σήματος πεπράξεται.

Γ. ἀλλὰ τί τόδε πρᾶγος εἶπας;

Μ. αἰδρις ἴσθι, φιλτάτη,
ἔστ' ἂν αὐτὸ τοῦργμ' ἐπαίνης. Εἴ' ἄγ', ὀμματο-
στερεῖς,—

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*, iii. 2.

Ἡμέρας ἐξομμάτωσον, Νύξ, φιλοίктиρμον φάος,
 αίματορῥύτῳ τε χειρὶ κάσκόπῳ σεμνὸν τόδε
 ξύμβολον διασπάραξον, ὃ μ' ἔτι λευκαίνει ῥέθος.
 ἕα·

ξυννεφές τὸ φῶς θολοῦται, καὶ φιλόρνηθας κόραξ
 πρὸς μύχους ὕλης ποτᾶται· τὰσθλὰ μὲν παρειμένα
 ἡμέρας ἀμβλύνεται νῦν, οἱ δὲ λυγαῖοι σκότου
 πρόσπολοι πάντες πρὸς ἄγραν ἐξεγείρονται βορᾶς.
 τὰμὰ θαυμάσας· ἔχεις πον· σίγα δ' εὐφήμως ἔχε·
 τὰπὸ φροιμίων κακῶν τοι τοῖς κακοῖς ἀλδαίνεται.
 πρὸς τὰδ' αἰρέ μοί, σ' ἱκνούμαι, κοινόπουν ῥυθμὸν
 πόδος.

C.

Memnon's Harp.

WHAT woke the busied sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire,
But sunlight's torch, the kind, the warm,
This, this awoke the lyre!
What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
This music forth on life,
Like a sweet voice prevailing o'er
The truant sounds of strife?
Oh! not the conflict 'midst the throng,
Not even the trumpet's hour:
Love is the gifted and the strong
To wake that music's power.

HEMANS.

Timidis resonant ubi Memnonae chordae.

QUID chordas agitans Memnoniae lyrae

Quondam pervigiles elicuit modos?

Quis per littora Nili

Caecum carpsit iter deus?

Non noctis tenebrae, non rabies noti,

Non flammae rubra vis fulmineae; jubar

Phoebe mite tepentis

Secretum elicuit melos.

Quid nervos agitat pectoris, aureos

In vitam numeros fundere, melleae

Vocis more vagarum

Vincens murmura litium?

Non belli strepitus pugnaeque fervida,

Non clangor litui; tu, Veneris puer,

Tantos pollice docto

Cantus excutere artifex.

B.

The Beggar-Maid.

HER arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say,
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the king Cophetua.

In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way,
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen,
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair, and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua swore a royal oath,
"This beggar-maid shall be my queen."

TENNYSON.

ΩΣ ΙΔΕΝ ΩΣ ΕΜΑΝΗ, ΩΣ ΕΞ ΒΑΘΥΝ ΗΛΑΤ' ΕΡΩΤΑ.

Ἦ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ στήθεσφι θέτ' ἄμφω πηχέε καλω,
 γυμνοῖσιν δε πόδεσσιν ἀφεικελίοισι Φιδέσθαι
 βῆ ρ' ἴμεν, αἶψα δ' ἴκανεν ἀγκαλειτὸν βασιλῆα,
 χρήματ' ἀγυρτάζουσα, χάρις δ' ἀπελάμπετο πολλή,
 ἄσπετος· αὐτὰρ ὁ τῆς γε, λιπὼν θρόνον ἐνθά θάασσε,
 χρυσῷ τε στίλβων καὶ Φείμασι, θαῦμα Φιδέσθαι,
 ἄντιον ἦε κίων, καὶ δεικανώτο Φεπέσσι.
 ὦδε δέ τις Φείπεσκεν ἀγῶν ὑπερηνορεόντων
 ὦ ποποῖ, οὐ μάλα πάγχυ τάφος μ' ἔχει, οὔτ' ἀγορεύει,
 τῇδέ κεν οὐδ' Ἡὼς φαεσίμβροτος ἰσοφαρίζοι.
 ὥς ἔφαν' ἥντε δ' εἴσιν ἐν οὐρανῷ ἡερόεντι
 δῖα Σεληναίη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀχλὺν κλιδνεται αὐγῇ,
 ὥς ἐφάνη, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ περὶ χροὺ Φείματα Φέστο.
 οἱ δ' αὖτ' εἰσορόωντες ἐθάμβεον, ἀλλόθεν ἄλλος,
 οἱ μὲν φάεα κάλ', οἱ δ' αὖ σφυρὰ καλὰ Φιδόντες,
 δέργματά θ' ἱμερόεντα, κόμας θ' ὑακίνθφ ὁμοίας.
 οὐ γάρ πω τοίην Φίδον ἄνερές ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
 οὐ δέμας, οὐδὲ φυήν, ὅσσας γαί' ἐντὸς ἔφερεγε.
 ἐν δ' ὁ θεῶν μέγαν ὄρκον ἄρ' ὤμοσεν, ἧ μὲν ἀκοιτιν
 κουριδίην θήσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Φῶ ἐνὶ Φοίκῃ.

T.

Orinda.

Now all these charms, that beauteous grace,
The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit nor piety could Fate prevent,
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too,
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first and then destroy'd :
A double sacrilege on things divine—
To rob the relic and deface the shrine !
But thus Orinda died ;
Heaven by the same disease did both translate ;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.
Meanwhile her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the wind displays ;
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear !
The winds too soon will waft thee here.
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come.
Alas, thou knowest not thou art wreck'd at home !
DRYDEN.

ΕΣΤΙ ΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΤΙ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΕΣΣΙ ΜΕΡΟΣ.

JAM raptae veneres jam vegetus decor ;
Fugit forma decens et facies bona
Conspectus hominum ; terraque virginem

Ploratam tumulo tegit.

Nec mens nec pietas fata retorserat :
Tristis non habuit Parca satis necem
Maturare semel, non rapuit tibi

Vitamque et veneres simul.

Sed patrare nefas, perditus ut latro,
Cunctanter cupiit ; furtaque post ruit
Ultro strage nova ; sacraque numinum

Laesit plus vice simplici,

Divellens statuam templaue diruens.
Sic Orinda obiit. Sustulit, heu, Deus
Una peste duos. Mens similis neque

Sors his dissimilis fuit.

Heros interea frater in aequore
Jam pandit tremulos in Zephyrum sinus,
Frustraque in reditus vota suos facit.

Eheu ! parce nimis pius !

Naves aura tuas huc feret ocyor.
Jam jam contrahe vela, et reditu moram
Imponas timidam ; naufragus es, miser,

Nescis naufragus, ah, domi !

C.

Ænone.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair, or seemed to float, in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with her shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love;
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all a-weary of my life.

ΔΥΣΕΡΩΣ ΤΙΣ ΑΓΑΝ.

Τηνεῖ δ' ἦνθ' ἔνδιος ἀγάστονος ἡλαίνοισα
τὸν Πάριν Οἰνῶνα διζημένα, ᾧ τὸ πάρος περ
σύμπαισδ' ἅ μεγαλοῖτος ἀν' ὥρεα βωκολέοντι.
ἄνθος δὲ ῥοδόμαλον ὑπέρρεε, τάκετο δὲ χρῶς,
ἐκ δὲ κάρης ἐδονεῖτο κόμα λιπαροπλοκάμοιο,
ἥε καὶ ἀτρέμας εὔσα δονευμένα ἔξοχ' ἐφάκει.
ῥωγάδι δ' ἐν πέτρᾳ κεκονιμένα οἰναρέοισι
εὖ ἐνερεισαμένα ὠδύρατο, μέσφ' ὅκα κώρας
ὠριγνᾷθ' ἔρποισα πέτρας ἀπὸ λεπράδος ὀρφνά.

ἦνιδε τυ θνάσκεισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ,
κλῦθι, φίλα μᾶτερ, τὰ πανύστατα κλῦθί μεν, Ἰδα.
ἦνιδε συγῇ μὲν τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ὥρεα καῦμα,
οἱ δ' ἀκρίδες σιγῶντ', ἱκελος σκιᾷ ἄσυχ' ἱαύει
σαῦρος ἐφ' αἵμασιᾷ, σιγὰν δ' ἔχει ἀχέτα τέττιξ.
τὰ ῥόδα νεύει ἔρασδε, καὶ ἅ βομβεῦσα μέλισσα
λευκοτοῖσιν ἐνεύδει, ἐμὰ δ' οὐχ εὔδει ἀνία.
ᾧσσε δεδάκρυνται, μέγα μὰν ποτικάρδιον ἔλκος,
πᾶσα δ' ὀλωλ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος, ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δ' ὄμματα ναρκῇ,
οὐδ' ἐτ' ἐμὴν μέλεται ζῶειν τήνιοι χατεύσα.

O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Hear me, O earth! hear me, O hills! O caves
That house the cold-crown'd snake! O mountain-brooks
I am the daughter of a River-God;
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
I waited underneath the dawning hills:
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horn'd, white-hoof'd,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star,
Fronting the dawn he moved: a leopard-skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκεισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ,
 κλύθι, φίλα μᾶτερ, τὰ πανύστατα κλύθί μεν, Ἰδα.
 φρασδέο Δᾶ, φράσδεσθε γεώλοφα, κέκλυθ' ἅ πάσχω
 κρύπτοισαι σπήλυγγες ἔχιδναν ψυχροκάρανον,
 κλύθι καταχῆς ὕδωρ τὸ κατὰ κραμνῶν κελαρύσδες,
 ἐκγέγαμες Ποταμῶν· τὰ γὰρ ἄλγεα πολλὰ παθοῖσα
 ἀσεύμαι, τήνω δ' ὥς κράδεμνα πτολιέθρω
 ἐστάκанти βάδην ὑπὸ δώνακος ἀδὺ πνέοντος,
 ὥς νέφος εἰς τοίχοιο τύπον πεπλασμένον, ὧδε
 θράνοις ὠρανίοισιν ὑπέρμεγα πάξομαι ἄλγος,
 ἐντὶ γὰρ ὥς ποκ' ἐμὶν τάδε πένθεα δακρυόισα,
 ἅ κραδία πλαγχθεῖη ἀνίας ἄλλ' ἡβαιόν.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκεισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 ἧς ὑπ' ἀκρωρείαισι δοκευμένα, ἄμος ἀνίει
 Ἄλιος, ἀκροκνέφαια δ' ἄνωθ' ἔστιλβε κάρανα,
 χά πίτυς ἀκροκνέφαιος ἐτέγγετο πρῶκί ποτόρθρῳ,
 ἀνίκ' ἀπὸ θρυνέοντος ἀμειβόμενον Σιμόεντος
 τὸν τὸ καλὸν ποθορεῦντα, τὸ πᾶν κακὸν, εἶδον ἄγοντα
 αἶγα Πάριν χίμαρον, πάντων ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἐταίρων,
 ἀργικέρωτ' ἄργοπλον, ἅπαν περὶ δέρμα κελαινόν.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκεισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 ἐσχατόων χεῖμαρρος ἀπὸ ῥωγμοῖό μ' ἐβώστρει,
 τηλόθε δ' ἀτρίπτοις νιφάδεσσι μονόστολος Ἄως
 ἔμπεσεν ἐσχατίαις, τὰ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄμματ' ἔπαξα
 ἐσδομένα κάτα μούνα, ὃ δ' ἀντολὰς ἦε ποθίκων,
 στάθεα δ' ἀστερόεντ' ὑπεφαίνετο, παρδαλή δὲ
 ἡωρεῖτ' ὑπὲρ ὦμω, ἀπὸ κροτάφων δὲ κίκιννοι,

Cluster'd about his temples like a God's ;
And his cheek brighten'd, as the foambow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die !
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart. 'My own CEnone,
Beautiful-brow'd CEnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind engrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

TENNYSON.

“Αλιος ὥς, ἐκέχυντο, θεοῖς μακάρεσσιν ὅμοιοι
ταὶ δ' ἱκελαι ἱρισσιν ἐφαιδρύνοντο παρειαὶ,
τανίκα φαινομέναις ὄκα, ποιφύσσοντος ἀήτου,
ἀφρὸς κορθύεται, τὸν δ' ὥς ἴδον ὥς πανάποτμος
ἔφθαξ' ἥ ἐ παρήμεν ὀρεξαμένα ἐ φιλάσαι.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
ἀλλ' ὃ γα χεῖρ' ὥρεξε (γέλως δέ οἱ εἵχετο χεῖλες)
λευκοτέραν γλάγεος, καλὸν δέ τ' ἐλάσδετο μᾶλον
χρύσειον, Ἑσπερίδων κάπων ὃ θεῖμα τέτυκτο,
ἀμβροσιάς τε πότοσδον, ἄφαρ δ' ἐπέων αἰτοῖσα
ἐκ θυμῷ δέδεμαι, τὰ δέ τοι πλημμυρίδι ἴσα
ἔρρεεν ἐκ στόματος, καί μεν φρενὸς ἄψατο πάντα.
‘ὦ χαρίεσσ' Οἰνῶνα, ἐμὸς πόθος, ὦ κυανόφρυ,
ἡνίδε τὴν τότε μᾶλον, ὅπερ φαίη κέ τις ἡμεῖς
τὴν μόνουα πρέπον ἄθλον, ὅτις τάδε γράμματα φλοιῷ
ἀννείμαι γραφθένθ', “ἄτις χαριεστάτα ἴσχοι”,
θᾶσαι, ἐν Ὀρεάδεσσι κεκασμένα, αἵτε πολεῦνται
τὼς Ἰδας κυαμῶς, συνόφρυς κόρα, ἀβρὰ βεβῶσα.’

Τ.

The Epilogue.

METHINKS I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
 Fat, high, and kicking,—thanks to the bounteous Rugio;
 And now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
 Cheese-parings and the stinking tongues of pilchers:
 But why should I remember these? they are odious,
 They are odious in my eyes: the full fat dish now,
 The bearing dish is that I reverence,
 The dish an able serving man sweats under,
 And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him;
 The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
 He marches in with, all the train and circumstance—
 'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
 And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
 And he displayed in all parts! for such a dish now,
 And at my need I would betray my father,
 And for a roasted conger all my country.

FLETCHER. *Woman Pleased*, iii. 2.

Epicuri de grege porcus.

JAMJUDUM mihi curato bene pinguis, opinor,
 Crescit aqualiculus, crescunt fastidia, naso
 Omnia suspendo; tanti est tua gratia nobis,
 Virro, lautorum lautissime: nunc ego certe
 Vilia contemno convivia pauperiorum,
 Et lardi fragmenta et mucida frusta siluri;
 Quid tamen haec meminisse juvat? surgit mihi bilis
 Atra recordanti: mensas nunc inter onustas
 Mazonomum veneror quo non spatiosior alter;
 Scilicet hunc portans contento poplite sudat,
 Sustineat veluti tota atria, magnus agaso.
 Quinetiam introitu nasum (mihi crede) supinor
 Altilis; O cernis quanto molimine, quanta
 Luxuria ingreditur, magna comitante caterva?
 Quali jure natat malis et caepe superba?
 Quam jacet et toto spectacula corpore praebet?
 Quam mihi si obtuleris pretium, et latraverit alvus,
 Proditor exstarem cari genitoris, et idem,
 Si modo contigerint assi mihi praemia congri,
 Laxarem Romae metuendis claustra Britannis!

B.

D

Iphigenia.

BENEATH your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,
With the same shudd'ring feeling forth I step,
As when I trod it first, nor ever here
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.
Long as the mighty will, to which I bow,
Hath kept me here conceal'd, still, as at first,
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea
Doth sever me, alas! from those I love,
And day by day upon the shore I stand,
My soul still seeking for the land of Greece.
But to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.
Alas for him! who, friendless and alone,
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells;
From him grief snatches every coming joy
Ere it doth reach his lip. His restless thoughts
Revert for ever to his father's halls.

GOETHE.

Tragicæ furtiva piacula cerbæ.

ὦ τῆσδε θειας ἰφθυγένητοι κλάδοι
 ὕλης παλαιᾶς, ἡλιοστεροῦς ὑπὸ
 σκιᾶς, ἀναύδοις ὥσπερ ἐν θεᾶς στέγαις,
 ἔρπω κέλευθον συγκεκραμένη φόβῳ
 οὐχ ἥσσουν ἢ τὸ πρῶτον ἡνίκ' εἰσέβην·
 τεθηγμένος δὲ θυμὸς ὀρθρεῦει ξυνών·
 ἀφ' οὗ γὰρ, ἥπερ οὐδὲν ἀντιστατῶ,
 ἔχει με τῇδε Μοῖρα συγκεκρυμμένην,
 ὥσπερ πάροιθεν οὐχὶ λαυθάνω ξένην
 ναίονσα γαῖαν· κῦμα γὰρ θαλάσσιον
 πάντων μ' ἀφαιρεῖ φιλτάτων ὀμιλίαν.
 οἷ μοί μοι.
 παρακτία δ' ἐφ' ἡμέραν στήναι φιλῶ
 Ἑλληνίδος γῆς ἡμέρῳ πεπληγμένη
 κάμοις στεναγμοῖς βαρύβρομος πόντου ῥόθος
 πλὴν δοῦπον ἄγριον οὐδὲν ἀνταμείβεται.
 φεῦ, κάρτ' ἄποτμος, δς φίλων τητῶμενος
 γονέων ἄπουρον δωμάτων τ' ἀντλεῖ βίον·
 λύπη σφ' ἄγευστον ἡδονῆς ποτὸν χαρᾶς
 ἀποστερεῖ πᾶν· αἱ δ' ἀκοίμητοι φρένες
 αἰεὶ 'πανῆλθον πατρὸς εἰς ἐδῶλια.

C.

Talla Bookh.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,
Fresh, as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem,
Whose liquid flame is born of them.

MOORE.

Ex imbri soles.

FORMOSIOREM quam placida excipit
 Nimbis fugatis temperies polum,
 Depraeliantis cum procellae
 Murmura conticuere et omnis
 Nubes tepenti numine vanuit
 Evicta Phoebi ; cum maris aequora
 Campique vernantes aprica
 Compositi requie otiantur ;
 Partu recenti credideris novam
 Lucem renasci ; cum levia undique,
 Erepta maternis iniqui
 Turbinis arbitrio rosetis,
 Jam dissipantur germina, et aethere
 Puro procellam suaveolentibus
 Suspensa pacatam rependunt
 Muneribus ; pluviique rores,
 Si quos tonanti nube Diespiter
 Effudit herbis, illius illius
 Flagrantis ardescunt ad instar,
 Fulmina quam peperere, gemmae.

B.

Epistle for All Saints Day.

AND I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth, and the sea, saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of God in their foreheads.

REVELATION vii. 2, 3.

Quae ventura irahuntur.

Ἐν δὲ Φιδον θεὸν ἄλλον, ἅπ' ἡελίου ἀνίοντος
οὐρανόθι πρὸ κλίντα, θεοῦ δ' ἔχεν αἰὲν ἐόντος
χερσὶ Φεαῖς σφρηγίδα, θεοῖσι δ' ὁ μακρὸν αὔσε
τοῖς κράτος ἐγγυάλιξε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
γαῖαν ὅπως βλαπτοῖεν ἰδ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
τοῖς ὁ θεοῖς πισύρεσσιν ἐκέκλετο, μακρὸν αὖσας.
ἴσχετέ μοι χεῖρας, μὴ πρὶν κακὰ Φέρδετε γαῖαν
δένδρεά θ' ὑψιπέτηλα καὶ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
πρὶν κεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι τῶν γε θεοῦ σφρηγίδα βαλῶμεν,
αἴσιμα οἱ Φέρδουσι, θεῶν τ' ἀλέγουσι θέμιστας.

Τ.

True Love.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast minde,
Gentle thoughts and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheekes or lips or eyes.

CAREW.

ΕΡΩΣ ΑΝΤΕΡΩΣ.

ORA ardet si quis roseo suffusa rubore,
 Si cui curaliis aemula labra placent,
 Aut si quem torrent imitantes sidera ocelli,
 Unde sibi flammae mox alimenta petat;
 Quo magis has praeceps veneres corruperit aevom,
 Luce micant illi marcidiorē faces.

Sed si animum complet solers prudentia voti,
 Sanaque si mens est et pia simplicitas,
 Si parili cervice jugum patiuntur amantes,
 Hic, hic perpetua luce perennat Amor.
 Talia dimoveas; sordet mihi clarus ocellus,
 Labra mihi sordent purpureaeque genae.

C.

A plague of all cowards, say I.

FALSTAFF—PRINCE HENRY.

F. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! Who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered; there's not three of my three hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg through life. But who comes here?

P. What stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenge'd; I prithee, lend me
thy sword.

ΜΑΣΘΛΗΣ. ΕΙΡΩΝ, ΓΛΟΙΟΣ, ΑΛΑΖΩΝ.

Κλεώνυμος—Εἰρήκος.

Κ. Ἐν τῇ ἴγορᾳ μὲν ἀσύμβολος ἂν ἀπφχόμην,
βδύλλω δὲ ταύτῃ πολεμίων τὴν ξυμβολήν,
πρὶν γάρ τι πράττεσθαι τιν', ἐκπραχθήσεται.
βαβαί· τίς ὁ ταύτῃ κείμενος; λέγων κυρῷ
Θρασύμαχον; ὦ Ζεῦ, τὸ κλέος οἱ τελεῖ βροτῶν,
οὐ δὴ φενακισμὸς μὰ Διὰ τό καλῶς κλύειν.
θερμότερος οὐ μου τηκτὸς οὐδὲ βαρύτερος
μόλυβδος, ὃν Ζεὺς ἀποτρέποι πλευρῶν ἐμῶν
ἄλλις τὸ γαστρίδιον τόδ' ὃ πιέζει μ' αἰεί.
εὖ τὸν λόχον ἐμὸν, ῥακόδυτ' ὄντα καθάρματα,
ἐνεχύτρις', ἐκ γὰρ τῶνδε πεντήκοντ' ἐγὼ
τριακοσίων τ' ἐς οἶκον οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐδὲ τρεῖς
ἔσωσα, πεινήσοντας ἐν φορυτῷ κακῶς
παρὰ τὴν ἔπαλξιν.

Ε. οὗτος, ἐνθάδε τί παθὼν
ἔστηκας ἄργος; φερέ δὲ, φάσγανον τὸ σὸν
ἀνύσας τι χρῆσον, ὥς τις εὐγενὴς χαμαὶ
κεῖται γέλως ἐχθροῖσι, λάξ πατούμενος,
φόνῳ πεπηγὼς πέλανος, ἀλλὰ τὸ ξίφος
χρήσον, φέρ'.

F. Oh! Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile.
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him
sure.

P. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I prithee lend me thy sword.

F. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Give it me; what, is it in the case?

F. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

*[The Prince draws it out, and finds it
to be a bottle of sack.]*

P. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

SHAKSPEARE.

- Κ.** ἀλλά σ' ἀντιβολουμέν, φίλτατε,
 δὸς καὶ βραχεῖαν ἀναπνοήν, οὐ γὰρ καλὰ
 οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἔδρασ' ὁ Δάμαχος τοιαυτά πω
 οἷ' ἡμέρα τῇδ' οὗτος ἀνὴρ, ἐτισάμην
 Περσὴν, τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἄδηλον ὅποι προβήσεται
 οὗτοι τοι λέλαιπ'.
- Ε.** οὐ δῆτα, σῶ γὰρ ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ
 ζῇ κεῖνος, ἀλλ' ὥς τὸ ξίφος οὐ δώσων λέγεις;
- Κ.** οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἀπολλῶ ζώντος ἐκείνουτ' γ' ἐγώ,
 ἀλλ' ἦν ἰδοὺ θώρακα τὸν ἐμὸν ἂν λαβοῖς.
- Ε.** ἀνύσας τι δὴ μοι δὸς, τί δ'; ἄρ' ἐν τῷλύτρῳ;
- Κ.** μάλιστα, νῆ τὸν Πᾶνα, καὶ πάννυ χλιαρὸς,
 σὺν τῷδε δ' ὥς ἄριστα τις θωρήξεται.
- Ε.** οὐ δεινὰ τοίω σε παραληρεῖν ἐν χρόνῳ;

T.

Anburn.

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn :
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage scants thy smiling plain :
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day
But choked with sedges works its weedy way :
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest :
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvarying cries :
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land to threatening ills a prey,
Whose wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

Squalent abductis arva colonis.

PAGE placens, quo non arridet amoenior alter,
Et ludi et veneres praeteriere tuae;
Per nemora et saltus domini violentia saevit,
Et lugubre viret depopulatus ager.
Possidet omne solum pulsus cultoribus unus,
Arvaque defraudat dimidiata seges.
Jam vitreus soles iterat non amplius amnis,
Obsitus ast ulvis ire laborat iter.
Ardea rauca canens saltus circumvolat, hospes
Unicus, et nidos protegit ipse suos;
Non nisi triste sonat defessi montis imago
Avia dum resonas voce, vanelle, tua.
Strata jacent miseris umbracula laeta ruinis;
Herba putri muro luxuriosa viget;
Et tua raptorem fugiens tremebunda propago
Exilio mutant arva aliena suis.
Heu! terra infelix! properis heu! debita fatis,
Qua cumulantur opes deficiuntque viri!
Vel stent vel pereant reges regumque ministri;
Istos et potuit gignere, et aura potest;
Sed genus acre virum, patriae sed gloria pubes
Rustica, si pereat non revocanda perit.

Staianta.

CHILD, if a man serve law through all his life,
And with his whole heart worship, him all Gods
Praise: but who loves it only with his lips,
And not in heart and deed desiring it,
Hides a perverse will with obsequious words,
Him heaven infatuates: and his twin-born fate
Tracks and gains on him, scenting sins far off,
And the swift hounds of violent death devour.
Be man at one with equal-minded Gods,
So shall he prosper: not thro' laws torn up,
Violated rule, and a new face of things.
A woman armed makes war upon herself,
Unwomanlike; and treads down use and wont,
And the sweet common honour that she hath,
Love, and the cry of children.

SWINBURNE.

ΔΙΚΑΣ Δ' ΕΡΕΙΔΕΤΑΙ ΠΥΘΜΗΝ.

εἰ γάρ τις, ὦ παῖ, παντὶ συμμέτρως βίῳ
 ὑπηρετεῖ νόμοισι, τιμαλφῶν δίκην
 εὖ παντὶ θυμῷ, τόνδ' ἐπαινοῦσιν θεοί·
 ὃς δ' ἂν φίλῃ νιν στόματος ἐξ ἄκρου μόνον,
 μήτ' ἔργμασιν μήτ' ἐκ φρενῶν θηρώμενος,
 σκληρὸν καλύπτει μαλθακοῖς κέαρ λόγοις
 καὶ δαιμονῶ θεοῖς· τῷδε Μοῖρ' ὁμόσπορος
 ἄσσει κατ' ἔχνη πομπίμοις ποσίν, κακῶν
 ἕκας πρὸς ὁσμῇν, καὶ σπαράσσουσιν κύνες
 "Αἶδου ταχεῖαι σάρκα· θεοῖσι δ' εὐφροσιν
 γένοιθ' ὁμόφρων, εἴ τις εὖ πράσσειν θέλει,
 καὶ μὴ νόμοισι πρέμνοθεν πανωλέθροισι
 ἀναρχία τε καὶ νέαις καταστροφαῖς.
 γυνὴ μὲν αὐτῇ πολεμία 'σθ' ὀπλισμένη
 οὐ πρὸς γυναικός, καὶ καθιππεύει νόμον
 καὶ θεσμόν, ἥδιστόν τε πάγκοινον σέβας,
 ἔρωτα καὶ πρόσφθεγμα φίλτατον τέκνων.

C.

Les travailleurs de la mer.

No fish stir in our heaving net,
The sky is dark and the night is wet,
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore.
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.
Our boat is small, and the tempest raves ;
And nought is heard but the lashing waves,
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
And the wild winds piping drearily :
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.
Push bravely, mates ; our guiding star
Now from its turret streameth far :
And now along the nearing strand
See swiftly move yon flaming brand :
Before the midnight hour is past,
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

ANON.

ΠΟΝΤΟΝ ΕΠ' ΙΝΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ.

NUBILA contristant noctem, ruit imbribus aether,
 Nostra reluctanti retia pisce vacant;
 Robore jam valido lentandus in aequore remus,
 Nam pelagus refluas littore sorbet aquas;
 Triste per angurium sponsae sua pectora ducunt,
 Dum cumulant nobis ligna reposta focis.
 Parvula nostra ratis, bacchatur et ira procellae,
 Nil nisi sollicitus fluctus in aure sonat;
 Et quidquid desaevit inexorabilis unda,
 Et quidquid vasti sibilat aura noti.
 Sed frustra pontus frustraue procella minatur,
 Nostrum erit ardentis mox celebrare Lares.
 Quare agite, O socii, remis incumbite, nobis
 Fundit ab excelsa lumina turre pharus.
 Jamque propinquantis passim per littoris oras
 Cernitis accensas pervolitare faces.
 Ante poli mediam quam nox trajecerit arcem
 Ducemus spreto pocula plena noto.

B.

Amaryllis.

He. My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pity let me know
The place where I may find thee.

She. In country meadows pearled with dew,
And set about with lilies,
There filling maunds with cowslips you
May find your Amaryllis.

He. What have the meads to do with thee,
And with thy youthful hours?
Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
The queen of men, not flowers.
Let country wenches make 'em fine
With roses, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest gems to shine,
And like the stars to glitter.

HERRICK.

Fluatiua amem silvasque.

- Δ. ὦ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμάρυλλι, τύ γ' αἶ νυ τὸ δῆλσαι, ὦδε
οἴχεσθαί μ' ἄστοργος ἐρημάζοντα λιποῖσα,
αἰ μὴ τὴν λίθος ἐστὶν ἀμάχανος ἐνδόθι θυμὸς,
φράσδε μοι, ὦ Ἀμάρυλλι, τὸ χῶριον, ᾧ τυ κιχείω.
- Α. ᾧ κρίνα δαιδάλλει χλοερὸν νομὸν, αἷ τε τέρειναι
ἀργύρῳ ἰνδάλλονται ἐν εἰαμεναῖσιν ἐέρσαι,
εἶαρος ἐς ταλάρως πράτας τρυγάοισαν ἀπαρχὰς,
τεῖδ' οὐ κα ζατῶν Ἀμαρύλλιδα Δάφνις ἀμάρτοι.
- Δ. ἀλλὰ τί τιν μέλεται νομὸς ἥρινος, εὔσα ἀνάβη ;
στεῖχε ποτ' ἀφνειὰν Πτολεμαίου στεῖχε ποτ' αὐλάν,
αἰ λῆς οὐκ ἄνθεων βασιλεύεμεν, ἀλλ' αἰζήων.
κῶρα τοι στέφανοι κατὰ τὸν νόον ἄτε νομεύει
ποιμνί', ἐριθακὶς εὔσα, κατ' ὥρεα, τὴν δ' ἐπέοικε
φαιδροτέραν χρυσοῖο, καὶ ἀστέρι λάμπεμεν ἴσαν.

T.

Proteus

EST in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates,
Caeruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus aequor
Et juncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
Hic nunc Emathiae portus patriamque revisit
Pallenen; hunc et Nymphae veneramur et ipse
Grandaevus Nereus; novit namque omnia vates,
Quae sint, quae fuerint, quae mox ventura trahantur;
Quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cujus
Armenta et turpis pascit sub gurgite phocas.
Hic tibi, nate, prius vinclis capiendus, ut omnem
Expediat morbi caussam, eventusque secundet.
Nam sine vi non ulla dabit praecepta, neque illum
Orando flectes; vim duram et vincula capto
Tende, doli circum haec demum frangentur inanes.
Ipsa ego te, medios cum sol accenderit aestus,
Cum sitiunt herbae, et pecori jam gravior umbra est,
In secreta senis ducam, quo fessus ab undis
Se recipit, facile ut somno adgrediare jacentem.

VERGILIUS.

ΓΕΡΩΝ ΑΛΙΟΣ ΝΗΜΕΡΤΗΣ.

ναίει δὲ πόντου Καρπαθίους μάντις μυχοῦς
 Πρωτεὺς ἐνάλιος, ὅσπερ ἰχθύων ὄχοις
 ἵππων τε διπόδων ποιντίας μετρεῖ πλάκας·
 δαίμων δ' ὅδ' ἤδη Θεσσαλῆς ὄρμον χθονὸς
 καὶ τὴν πατρώαν αὔτε Παλλήνην ἔβη.
 τούτῳ προσευχόμεσθα Νυμφικὸν γένος
 γέρων τε Νηρεὺς, οἶδε γὰρ μάντις τὰ νῦν
 τὸ δ' αὖ πρόσσερπον καὶ τὰ πρὶν βεβηκότα,—
 ἄνακτι τοῦτο δόξαν, οὐ ποταίνιον
 φρούρημα φωκῶν βουκολεῖ 'ν ἄλδς μυχοῖς·
 οὔτος, τέκνον, σοι πρῶθ' ἄλωτὸς ἐν πέδαις,—
 ὅπως ἄπασαν αἰτίαν νοσήματος
 δείξῃ, δίδω τε ξυμφορᾶς λύσιν τινά.
 αἰεὶ γὰρ ἄκων πρὸς βίαν μαντεύεται
 λιγῶν ἄτεγκτος· πρὸς τὰδ' ἀγρίαν βίαν
 καὶ δέσμ' ἀλόντι προσβάλλῃς· οἱ γὰρ δόλοι
 πάντες σφάλλειν ἂν τάχ' ἐν τούτοις κενοί.
 ὅταν δὲ θάλλπος Ἥλιος μέσον φλέγῃ
 ἄνθος τε διψῇ καὶ ποθεινὸς ἦ σκία
 ποίμναις, προπέμψω σ' ἐς γέροντος ἀσκόπους
 κευθμῶνας ἔνθ' ἂν ποντίαις κάμνονθ' ὁδοῖς
 ὕπνῳ δεθέντα ῥαδίως ἔλοις θεόν.

The Daisy.

THEE Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee ;
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight,
When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling ;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;
Thou art, indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.

WORDSWORTH.

ΜΙΚΡΟΣ ΑΛΛΑ ΜΑΧΗΤΗΣ.

Tu micas Brumae niveae capillos

Rara per raros, tenuique nubes

Dimovet vento tibi ver ut almo

Sole nitescas.

Occupas aestate nova tyrannis

Rura tu late, recreatque moestum

Splendor Auctumnum capitis rubentis,

Roribus udi.

Urgeant antris violas protervi

Subter umbrosis Zephyri, superba

Imbrium gemmis variata frontem

Se rosa jactet ;

Tu licet longam brevis inchoare

Spem neges, at non inhonora degis,

Rite quam vatum chorus innocentum

Deperit omnis.

B.

Aetna:

THERE was a time when Aetna's silent fire
Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire ;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She towered a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around.
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines,)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured,
In peace upon her sloping sides matured.
When, on a day like that of the vast doom,
A conflagration labouring in her womb,
She teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth,
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies,
While, through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh ! what muse, and in what powers of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man ;
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

COWPER.

ITON ANEMOEΣΣAN EKATOTKEΦAAA TTΦONOZ.

FULMINA letifera nondum Mons senserat alvo,
 Sopitasque faces; nec labis conscia fotae
 Visceribus, niveum impavida sub nubila fronte
 Extulit Aetna caput; non jam tremefecerat imo
 Infernus de ventre fragor frondentia montis
 Cingula; piuguescunt oleae, ridetque racemis
 Pupureis palmes, (neque enim jam senserat iras
 Aetna giganteas,) pingit pax undique clivos,
 Nec jam spes dubias tanto fovet ubere messis
 Vinitor. At velut illa Dies, velut ultima terris
 Venerat hora, gravis flagranti turbine, nixu
 Parturit horrendo; nutat conterrita Tellus,
 Aeque vasta tremunt, coeli placida ora mephitis
 Foedat, agens fumos, tracta caligine livent
 Nubila, jamque dies Stygiae velamine Noctis
 Fuscatur, rutilisque Jovis furit ignibus aer
 Luridus. At quali cithara, quo carmine vates
 Torrentes flammas tetraeque voraginis iras
 Aequaret numeris! Strages foeda orgia ducens
 Bacchatur, sata laeta, boumque hominumque labores
 Corripiens; oleasque simul Bacchique racemos
 Liventes fertur sternens, silvasque virenti
 Cespite vestitas, et quidquid amabile, quidquid
 Annus opum Siculae largitur prodigus orae.

Allyse

DEATH closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

TENNYSON.

Uras ingens iterabimur nequos

τελεί τὰ πάντα θάνατος, ἀλλὰ πρὶν τελεῖν
 ἔργον τι κεδνὸν εὐκλεές πραξαίμεθ' ἂν
 τῶν τ' αἰχμασάντων πρὸς θεοῖς κατὰξιον.
 ἐφέσπεροι λαμπτήρες ἐκ πετρῶν σέλας
 ἤδη φλέγουσιν· ἡμέρα τ' ἀποφθίνει
 μακρά· βραδεῖά τ' οὐρανοῦ Μήνη πρόσω
 δρόμους ἀνέρπει· καὶ πέριξ ἀλὶρρόθοι
 πόροι στένουσι μυρίοις γηγρύμασιν.
 φέρ' οὖν ἔτ' ἔστι καιρός, ὦ φίλοι, νέας
 ζητεῖν πέδον γῆς· ἀνάγεται, εὖ τε σέλματα
 θάσσοντες ἄλμην ῥοθιάδ' ἐκλευκαίνετε.
 ἄραρε γάρ μοί γ' ἡλίου φθινάσματα
 ἐφεσπέρων τε ποντίους ἄστρων σταθμούς
 παρεκπερῶντι ναυστολεῖν ἔστ' ἂν θάνω.
 τάχ' ἂν κατακλυζοίμεθ' ἀγκάλαις ἀλός,
 τάχ' ἂν δὲ μακάρων ἐς γυνὰς ἐρχοίμεθ' ἄν,
 καὶ πρὸς ξυνηθὲς ὄμμ', Ἀχιλλέως βίαν.

C.

The Young Gladiator.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch who
won.

BYRON.

Nempe his plebecula gaudet.

SAUCIUS ecce! jacet media gladiator arena,
 Membra manu fultus; generosae gloria frontis
 Succumbit morti, premit immutata dolores:
 Jam caput in gremium sensim decline gravari;
 Et latere exhausto jam singultimque profusus,
 Ceu proludentes pluviae sub fulmina guttae,
 Vulneris e rubro sanguis destillat hiatu:
 Haud mora, fallit arena oculos—heu vixit! at hosti
 Saeva triumphanti gratantum turba Quiritum
 Vix compressit adhuc non exorabile murmur.

B.

The Bridge of Sighs.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death :
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair !
Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing :
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing ;
Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently, and humanly ;

Intermeabilis unda.

Δεύσσετ' ἔτ' ἄλλη βιότῳ στυγερω
 μελέα μελέως ἥδε παρείται,
 φεῦ, φεῦ· θανάτου τὸ περισπερχοῦς
 λίαν νιν ἐρᾶν, προπετῶς ἄξασ'
 οἴχεται ἄλλη
 νεοχμὸν θανάτῳ πανάωρον ἔλωρ.
 εἰά μοι ἀτρέμας ὀρθοῦτε κάρα,
 καὶ δέμας ἀβράς αἵρετε κούφως
 ἀπαλὸν μόσχου,
 νεαρᾶς ἥβης ἡρινὸν ἄνθος·
 λεύσσετε, πλευραῖς προσπτυσσόμενοι
 πέπλοι μελέαις, οἳ' ἐντάφιον
 σπείρον ἐλεινῶς ἔσθημα νεκρῶν,
 ποτὸν ἔχθιστον
 ποταμοῦ στάζουσ', ἀλλ' αἵρετε σῶμ'
 ἄχθος φίλτατον, οὐ στύγος ἄλλως
 εἶδος λωβητὸν ὀρώντες.
 μή μοι, μύσος ὥς, τῇσδε θυγόντες,
 μή νιν ἀποπτύσατ', ἀλλὰ καμόντων
 γέρας ἥδε λάχοι,
 φιλίων οἰκτίρμονα θυμόν.

Not of the stains of her :
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.
Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful ;
Still for all slips of hers
 One of Eve's family ;
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses !
While wonderment guesses
 Where was her home ?
Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one
Yet than all other ?
Oh ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
 Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city-full,
 Home she had none.
Fatherly, motherly,
Sisterly, brotherly,
 Feelings had changed ;

μή νιν ὄνειδίσαι' οἷα μελέως
 οἷα λώβῃ διελυμάνθη
 φρούδα τάδ', "Αἰδης ἥρπασεν, οὐδὲν δ'
 ἄπρεπες τάδ' ἔχει
 γενεᾷ λείψανα τῇ θηλυγενεῖ
 φείδεσθε λίαν μή νιν ἀκριβῶς
 πόλλ' ὅσ' ἀβούλως ἄφρονι θυμῷ
 πόλλ' ἀκολάστως ἤμπλακε νωμᾶν.
 ὕβρεως κηλὶδ' ἐξήλειψεν,
 τίς δὲ κρατήσῃ θάνατος μορφῆς;
 οὐ μὲν ἄμεμπτός γ', ἀλλ' ἀβρὸν ὅμως
 Εὗης παμμήτορος ἔρνος.
 εἶα, μυδῶντος πέλανον στόματος
 ψυχρὸν ὁμόρξατε, χαίτης τε χλιδὴν
 πλεκετε ξανθὴν
 ἄμπυκος ἄσσουσαν ἄδесμον.
 θαμβεῖ δὲ κύκλος πᾶς τις ἐρωτῶν
 τὸν πέλας αἰὲ μῆτέρα φράζειν
 τίς πόθεν εἶη; τίς δ' ὁ φυτεύσας;
 μὲν τι ταλαίῃ γένος ἔβλασται
 κοινὸν ὁμαίμων;
 μὲν τινα παντὸς Διὸς Ἑρκείου
 φίλτερον ἔσχευ χάμογενέστερον;
 οἷμοι γενέθλης νηλέος ἀνδρῶν
 δυσνοῦ τ' ἀμόροις· ἡὔρειν δ' ἄμορος
 μυριοπληθὴ πόλιν ἐνθυήσκειν,
 αὐτῇ δ' ἀπολιν, πᾶν δ' ἥλλαξεν
 θυμὸν ἀνοικτον τοῦ πρὶν τὸ γένος,
 τέθυγκ' ἀπάτωρ τοῦ φυσάντος,
 μητρὸς ἀμήτωρ,
 τῶν τε συναίμων ἀνάδελφος.
 φεῦ· φρούδος ἔρως σκληρᾶς βασάνου
 σκληρῷ δυσέρως φρούδος ἐλέγχῃ,

Love by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's Providence
 Seeming estranged !
Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
 With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret and basement,
She stood with amazement,
 Houseless by night.
The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black-flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery ;
 Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere,
 Out of the world ;
In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran :
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
 Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it
 Then if you can !

HOOD.

πῶς οὖν τὰ βροτῶν
 ἐφορῶν δηλοῖ ποθ' ὁ δαίμων ;
 ἵνα λαμπτήρων νυχία φλεγέθει
 τηλόθεν αἶγλη, θυρίδων τ' αἴθουσ'
 ὑψόθεν αἶγλή, καὶ ὑπερφῶν,
 καὶ κρηπίδων φέγγος ἀνήριθμον
 αἰόλον ἄσσει δύναις ποταμοῦ,
 νυκτὸς ἀνέστιος ὄρφνην φοβερὰν
 νυκτὸς ἀτυχθεῖς',
 ἔπτηξεν ὑγροῦ φρίσσουσα Νότου
 τρομερὰν πλευρὰν πληγαῖς λιγυραῖς,
 εἶδε δ' ἀταρβῆς μέλανι στεγανὸν
 ῥεῦμα μελαμβαθὲς ὄγκῳ ψαλίδων,
 ἤλασε λύσσα, μνήμονα λωβῶν
 οἴαις οἷα διόλωλεν,
 πέλασαι προπετῶς ἄσκοπον Ἄιδου
 μέλαθρον, ῥίψαι σῶμα πρόβλητον
 στυγερῶν εἰς πού
 ποτ' ἔχοι θνητῶν ἀπάνευθεν.
 φεῦ, τῆς τόλμης· οὐδὲν ἐφείσατο
 λάβρου ποταμοῦ μὴ οὐ χειμερίοις
 οἷσμασι ῥίψαι σῶμα φέρεσθαι.
 λεύσσειτ' ἀπ' ὄχθης λεύσσετε πίτνει·
 γράφε δ' ἐν δέλτοις, ὦ μῶρε, φρενῶν
 γράφε δὴ μνήμην,
 κατὰ συνειδὸς ποτὸν ὑβρίζων,
 ποταμοῦ τόλμα πῶμ' ἀρύσασθαι,
 ποταμῷ νίψαι χροά τόλμα.

¶ bl.

WITH thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON.

Unico gaudens mulier Marito.

TEMPORA me fallunt praeterlabentia captam
 Colloquio, dilecte, tuo ; mihi quaelibet hora
 Arridet pariter, liceat modo carpere tecum.
 Halitus Aurorae suavis, spirantis odores,
 Cum matutini volucres jam cantubus ortum
 Concelebrant ; cordi est Phoebus surgentibus almam
 Cum radiis terram illustrat, cum florea sarta,
 Arboreos fetus, cum gramina, lumine inaurat,
 Splendida rore novo ; quin tellus imbre rigata
 Laeta levi gremio miros exhalat odores.
 Lenior adventus placidi quoque vesperis olim
 Laetities revocat blandas ; mox ipsa silescens
 Nox noctisque severa ales, quamque aurea coeli
 Sidera gemmato comitantur in agmine, Lund.
 Sed non Aurorae spiramina grata, sonantis
 Concentu volucrum primo, non luce recenti
 Illustrans terras Phoebus, non florea sarta,
 Arborei fetus fulgentes roribus, almae
 Non telluris odor, fuso nunc imbre ; quietus
 Non vesper, non ipsa silentia noctis, et illa
 Noctis avis, tacita non luna teste vagari,
 Non astris coeli spatium fulgentibus aptum,
 Arrisere mihi sine te, carissime conjux.

Quarte.

Dua. You have bestowed on me a second life,
For which I live your creature, and have better'd
What Nature framed imperfect. My first being
Insolent pride made monstrous, but this later
In learning me to know myself hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Do. Then we live indeed
When we can go to rest without alarm
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent; but when
In the remembrance of our worser actions
We ever bear about us whips and Furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even Life's a burden.

Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace
With these intestine enemies my rude passions,
To be so with mankind.

BEAUMONT.

ΤΠΕΧΩΝ ΜΕΡΙΜΝΑΝ ΑΓΡΟΤΕΡΑΝ.

- Δ. ἀλλ' οὖν δέδωκας δεύτερόν σύ μοι βίον,
 ὅθεν σὸς εἶμι, τοῦκ φύσεως γὰρ ἔλλιπες
 τελεῖς· τὰ πρῶτα γάρ με γεννηθένθ' ὕβρις
 ἐξηγρίωσε· γνόντα δ' οἷός εἰμι δὴ
 τρόποι 'δίδαξαν μ' ὕστεροι τὸ μὴ ἀδικεῖν.
- Κ. χῆμεῖς τότ' ὀρθῶς φήσομεν λεύσσειν φαός
 ὅταν δυνώμεθ' ἐν λέχει πεσεῖν ἄνευ
 τῶν νυκτιπλάγκτων δυσθέου φρενὸς φόβων
 τῶν αἰὲν ὄντων, ἐξ ὕπνου δ' ἀνάστασιν
 στήναι δι' εὐσέβειαν εὐθαρσῶς, ἀτὰρ
 ὅταν λεώργων ἐργμάτων μεμνημένοι
 Ἑρινύας καὶ κέντρα περιφορώμεθα,
 δι' ὧν περ ἡμαρ ὡς βαρεῖα νύξ πρέπει,
 ἄχθος τὰδ' ἤδη, κοῦ βίος, γενήσεται.
- Δ. φρενοῖς δ' ἔμ' εἰδὼς εἰδότη' εὖ, παθόντα τε.
 ἀνθ' ὧν ἐνοικίοισι δὴ συναλλαγεῖς
 ἐχθροῖς, δυσάρκτοις λήμασιν, πειράσομαι
 συναλλαγήναι τῇ βροτῶν ὁμιλίᾳ.

C

Merry Wives of Windsor.

FALSTAFF—NYM—PISTOL.

- F.* I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox ; his thefts are too open, his filching is like an unskilful singer ; he keeps not time.
- N.* The good humour is to steal at a moment's notice.
- P.* Convey, the wise it call ; steal, foh ! a fico for the phrase !
- F.* Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.
- P.* Why then let kibes ensue.
- F.* There is no remedy ; I must cony-catch ; I must shift.
- P.* Young ravens must have food.
- F.* Which of you know Ford, of this town ?
- P.* I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.
- F.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.
- P.* Two yards, and more.
- F.* No quips now, Pistol : indeed, I am in the waist two yards about ; but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift ; briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife.

SHAKESPEARE.

Rem quocunque moda rem.

Miles. Di me ament ut congerronis volup est deliquio mei,
Purus putus homo est malleolus, nimium in propatulo harpagat ;

Nec bene succinit clependo, nihili cantorum modo.

N. Ita mecastor bene subripies, dicto ut citius hoc agas.

P. Apagesis, non hoc emissim verbum ficu putida !
Conciliare se homines graphici, non subripere dictitant

M. Per soleas dispiciunt calces.

P. Sîris igitur lippiant.

M. Pol sum ad incitas redactus, injiciunda est jam mihi
Aliquovorsum tragula.

P. Nam estur, inquiunt, corniculis.

M. Chariclem hic habitantem ecquis novit ?

P. Novi callide, et scio

Opulentum hominem.

M. Nostin' igitur quae mihi circumscriptio—

P. Non tribus Pol cubitis minor.

M. Hui ! fieri compendi volo
Captiones ; medio haud quaero quae mihi circumscriptio 'st ;

At vobis in medium quaero, mihiq ; ne longum morer,

Mulierem mi Chariclis hujus in animo est circumscribere.

Go up and watch the newborn rill.

Go up and watch the new-born rill
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career fortel,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
How far in Ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send?

Perchance that little brook shall flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro,
With monarchs at their helm.

Or canst thou guess, how far away
Some sister nymph, beside her urn
Reclining night and day,
'Mid reeds and mountain-fern,

Nurses her store with thine to blend
When many a moor and glen are past,
Then in the wide sea end
Their spotless lives at last?

KEBLE.

¶ futuri temporis exitus.

VIDES obortus rivulus ut modo
Destillet udo gramine fontium,
Montisque depingat genistas
Purpurei viridante filo?

Narrare cursus num potes arduos?
Quae saxa rumpet? quae saliet super
Dulcive mutabit fluento
Quatenus aequora amariora?

Fors in remotis praevalidi fluet
Munimen oris rivulus imperi,
Portabit huc illuc triremes,
Rege manu moderante clavum.

Num scis locorum Nais ubi altera
Aequalis urnam propter aquatilem
Noctuque procumbens dieque,
Subter arundineas latebras,

Opes aquosas condat, ut, avios
Emensa cursus, amne sororio
Commista mox reddat marinis
Hausta fretis animam innocentem?

Lovers' Quarrels.

PREPARED to rail, resolved to part,
When I approach the perjured maid,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind,
Such wondrous power have Myra's charms;
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injured vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

LANSDOWNE.

Amantium Trac.

QUUM falsam adgredior rumpere vincula
Tendens, opprobriis non sine plurimis,
Cur mentem capit horror,
Cur voces titubant mihi?

Si me respiciat Myrrha benignius
(Haec sint indicio quantum oculis queat)
Mulcens dispulit iras
Addictumque tenet iugo.

Divinam miser hanc quum speciem videt,
Tantae perfidiae nil reminiscitur,
At prosternitur artus,
Crudelem timidus queri.

“ Comme avec irrévérence.”

- M.* Comme avec irrévérence
Parle des dieux ce maraud !
Mon bras saura bien tantôt
Châtier cette insolence,
Et je vais m’engager avec lui
Comme il faut.
- S.* Ah ! par ma foi j’avais raison,
C’est fait de moi chétive créature ;
Je vois devant notre maison
Certain homme dont l’encolure
Ne me présage rien de bon.
Pour faire semblant d’assurance
Je veux chanter un peu d’ici.
- M.* Qui donc est le coquin qui prend tant de license
Que de chanter, et m’étourdir ainsi ;
Veut-il qu’ à l’étriller ma main un peu s’applique.
- S.* Cet homme assurément n’aime pas la musique.

MOLIERE.

Aequam memento rebus in arduis

Μ. ὦς οὗτος ἀκόλαστ' ἢ μιὰ κεφαλὴ θεοὺς ἔλεξεν,
ἀλλ' οὐ μακρὰν τηδὶ τυπείς τῇ χειρὶ μακρὰ κλαύσει.
τί δὲ μελλόμεσθα ; δεῖ γὰρ ὅπως 'φιαλοῦμεν αὐτίκ'
ἔργῳ.

Σ. οὐκ οὖν μὰ Δι' ἐτὸς ταῦθ' ὁ κακῶς ἀπολούμενος
δέδοικα,

ὄλωλα τουτονὶ πρὸ θυρῶν ἰδὼν βλέποντα δριμύ,
κούκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τῇδε τῇ κεφαλῇ κακὸν τάχ'
ῆξει.

φέρ' οὖν σκολίον τί κωλύει τι τερπνὸν ἀναβαλέσθαι,
θαρρεῖν τὰδ' ὅπως δόξω.

Μ. τὸ κακὸν τουτὶ τί ἦν ; ὅλοιον
πολυπραγμοσύνης, ὅς ἐκκεκώφηκας ταδί μ' ὑμνῶδων,
βούλει γὰρ οἰμῶζειν, τὸ δεῖνα, κονδύλοις σποδηθείς ;

Σ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐχ οὐτοσί γ' ἀτεχνῶς ἄμουσός ἐστι.

Τ.

The Trysting-Tree.

WHEN the dew is on the grass,
And the moonlight on the tree,
Through the soft night will I pass,
Lightly stealing, love, to thee.
When the hush'd winds in the shade
Murmur fitful as in sleep,
And the hues of daylight fade
On the bosom of the deep ;
When the birds have hush'd their song,
And the swain hath left the lea,
Gently will I glide away,
To our quiet trysting-tree.
While the moonbeam, pale and cold,
Glances through the forest-glade,
Shall thy tale of love be told,
And thy vows of truth be made.

Tibi constituebat amicus

VESPERE sub tacito cum roribus herba madescit,
Cum luna inaurat arbores,
Te quaeram tenerae per amica crepuscula noctis,
O vita, suspenso pede.
Cum Zephyri, blando ceu capta sopore, sub umbris
Aura inquiete murmurat,
Cum sinus Oceani noctis velamen opacae
Mutat diurna gloria;
Cum sopita silent mutis aviaria silvis,
Et pastor arva deserit;
Irrepam tacita ducens vestigia planta
Tibi constitutam ad arborem.
Frigida cum Phoebe radiis argentea puris
Per arta saltus emicat,
Tu mihi narrabis quanto consumeris igne,
Jurabis aeternam fidem.

B. .

Morte of Arthur.

BUT as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

ΑΝΗΡ ΓΑΡ ΟΤ' ΣΤΕΝΑΚΤΟΣ, ΑΛΛ' ΕΙ ΤΙΣ ΒΡΟΤΩΝ ΘΑΪΜΑΣΤΟΣ.

ἕως δ' ἔβαιν' Ἄρθουρος ἐψυχορῶράγει
ὥσπερ βλέπων τις ἐν λέχει φαντασμάτων
μορφὰς ἀμόρφους, παντὸς εὐδοντος δόμου,
οὕτως γ' ἐβρυχᾷθ', ὧδ' αἰεὶ θροούμενος
πρὸς ὥτ' "Θᾶσσον, θᾶσσον ἔρπε, μὴ θάνω
ἦν ὑστερήσης." ὁ δὲ πάγους ἀμείβεται
ταχέως βαδίζων, ἀσθμά τ' ἐστολισμένους,
λόφοις τε μείζων ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον πρέπων
κρυσταλλοπηῆξι. τοῦπίσω μὲν οἷδατος
ἐν τῷ δὲ πρόσθεν ἔκλυεν γηρύματος·
ἔνδον δ' ὁ θυμός, κέντρον ὥς, ἤπειγέ νιν·
ψυχροῖς δ' ἐν ἄντροις κὰν ἀπανθρώποις μυχοῖς
κραμβῶς ἐκλαγγε θῶπλα· καὶ πάντη μέλας
πέριξ ἐδούπει κρημνός οἱ κραταιλέως
ἀγμοῖς τιθέντι σφαλερὸν ἀστείπτοις ἵχνος,
οἱ χαλκοπλεύρων ἐκτύπουν ποδῶν ὑπο.
αὐτῶν δ' ἄποπτον ἦν θαλάσσιον θέναρ
ἄφαρ, φλέγουσα δ', ὥς γε χειμῶνος, τότε
κλεινὴ Σελήνη φῶς μάλισθ' ἐκήβολον.
κᾶπειθ' ἐώρων ναῦν τιν' ὥς κατήγητο

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by the
Three Queens with crowns of gold, and from them
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world.

TENNYS

ἰδεῖν κνεφαία, νερτέρων ὅπως στολαί,
 ἐκ τοῦ κάτωθεν καὶ κάτω βεβηκότες
 τὰ πάντ' ἐσείδον σέλματ' εὐπρεπεστάταις
 μορφαῖς πυκασθέντ' ἐστολισμέναις πέπλοις
 μελαγχίμοισι, νύκτερ' ὥς ὀνειράτα.
 ἦσαν δ' ἀνασσαι τρεῖς, παρ' ὧν χρυσαμπύκων
 θρήνος παραχθεὶς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα
 τρέμουντ' ἔβαλλε καὶ διανταῖος γόος,
 ὥς γῆρυς οἰκτρὰ νυκτέρων ἀημάτων,
 ῥοιβδοῦσα γῆν ἔρημον ἀστιβῆ τὰ νῦν
 τὰ πρίν τ' ἀφ' οὗ ἵστήρικτο πρῶτα γῆς βάθρον.

C.

February.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell :

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing,
And tolling within
Like a funeral-bell.

LONGFELLOW.

HMATI XEIMEPICI

JAM primas tenebras Nox trahit incubans
 Pulso caeca die ; bruma suis aquas
 Vinculis stringit inertes,
 Bruma vincta riget palus.

Vix torvo penetrat lumine luridas
 Sol nubes ; radios multa refert casa,
 Qualis flamma favillis
 Luctatur nebulis jubar.

En ! aër alias ingeminat minas ;
 Nec jam nix, iterum non secus ingruens,
 Certo limite monstrat
 Qua tendat per agros iter ;

Ut lentis gradibus, ceu Lemurum cohors
 Lugubris volitat, flebile fert onus,
 Moestum pompa feretrum ;
 Dumque umbrae magis incubant,

Aes sacrum, tumulo summus honor, meo
 Non desiderio naenia dissona,
 Vitam plangit ademptam,
 Cor tactum monitu gemit.

Antigone.

AND when the dead by cruel tyrants' spite
Lie out to ravenous birds and beasts exposed,
His yearnful heart pitying that wretched sight,
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclosed,
And strew'd with dainty flowers the lowly hearse;
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep, in his sad sighing verse.

So once that royal maid fierce Thebes beguiled,
Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her,
Her brother from his home and tomb exiled,
(While willing night in darkness safely hid her)
She lowly laid in Earth's all-covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not used to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

Yet feels she neither sweat nor irksome pain
Till now his grave was fully finishéd;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his goréd side,
With hundred varied 'plaints she often cried,
'Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!'

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

ΟΣΙΑ ΠΑΝΟΥΡΓΗΣΑΣΑ.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἐν ὕβρει βασιλέων ὦμῃ νεκροὶ
 θηρῶν ἔδεστοι καὶ πρὸς οἰωνῶν λάβρων
 πέσοιεν, οἰκτρὰ τάδε φιλοικτίρμων φρένας
 ὀρῶν, καμόντα σώματ' εὐπρεπεῖ τάφῳ
 ἔκρυπτε καὶ τὸ φαῦλον ἀνθηρεῖ χλιδῇ
 τύμβευμ' ἔπασσεν, ὑστάτους ὑμνῶν λόγους,
 ῥ' ὁδαῖς γοεδναῖς πευθίμοις τε προσκαλῶν
 ὕπνον στεγάζειν μαλθακοῖς κοιμήμασιν.
 οὕτω ποτ' ἠπάτησε βασιλικὴ κόρη
 Θήβας ἀρείας, καὶ τὰδ' αὐθάδης Κρέων
 ὑβριστικῶς ἀπείργε, τὸν θ' αὐτῆς κάσιν
 τὸν γῆς πατρώας τὸν τάφου ἵστερῶμενον,
 νυκτὸς φίλῳ φίλ' ἔργα σωζούσης σκότῳ,
 κόνει κτερίζει, πανδόκῳ καλύμματι.
 καὶ τὰς ἀήθεις μαλθακὰς γυνὴ χέρας
 τρύχει δικέλλη δυσπόνῳ γενῇδ' ἰτε.
 ὁμῶς δ' ἰδρώτος οὖσ' ἀναίσθητός τ' ὄτλον
 ἐπόνει μὲν ἔστε πάντ' ἐφήγγισεν τάφον,
 ὁμβρον δ' ἀμαυρῶν δὴ τότε ὀφθαλμῶν ἀπὸ
 τρωθέντι δεύει, πορφυρᾶν νύφουσά που
 Ἑρινύος κηλῖδα, δύσνιπτον βαφήν
 πεσοῦσα δ' ἐς πέσσημα μυρίοις βοᾷ
 γόοισιν Ὡς γὰρ ὠφελον τὴν σὴν χάριν
 θανεῖν, κασίγνητ', εἴτε συνθανεῖν γ' ἐγώ.

The Ribulet.

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill
With languid murmurs steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

HAWKESWORTH.

Eunt anni more perennis aquae.

DEVIA per nemorum latebras muscosaque saxa,
Subdita depressis vallibus, unda fluit ;
Delabens lucos inter secunda silentes
Languida somnifero murmure repit iter.
Paulisper ludit, sinuosa volumina curvans,
Et dubitat patrii linquere prata soli ;
Mox celeri rapitur pede per deserta locorum,
Fertur et immenso consocianda mari.
O mihi labantur sic devia saecula vitae !
In tacito fallant otia tuta sinu !
O nec opes nimiae violent nec jurgia cursus,
Gloria nec titulis sanguinolenta suis !
Cum labor effetas vires, animumque fatigent
Gaudia, inoffensam defluat unda viam,
Cum trepidet serae per ita declive senectae,
Temporis et veniat fine carentis aquas.

B.

Mary.

"OH! it's time I should speak to your father,
Dear Mary," says I,
"Oh! don't speak to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry,
"For my father he loves me so dearly,
He ne'er will consent I should go;
If you speak to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say no!"
"Then I think I must speak to your mother,
Dear Mary," says I,
"Oh! don't speak to my mother," says Mary,
Just wiping her eye,
"For mother says men are deceitful,
She never will give her consent,
And that girls in a hurry to marry,
At leisure repent."
"Then how shall I get you, my jewel,
Dear Mary?" says I,
"If your parents will both be so cruel,
I surely must die."
"Oh never say die, love," says Mary,
"The way to relieve you I see,
Since my parents are both so contrary,
You'd better—ask me!"

ANON.

ΤΕΤΛΑΘΙ ΜΟΙ ΚΡΑΔΙΗ.

“JAM manet orandus genitor tuus,” inquit Alexis,
 “Oh magis his oculis cara Corinna mihi.”
 “Ah! minime” clamat “pater est adeundus amanti,”
 Irrigat ut teneras lacrima fusa genas,
 “Ah! nescis, nescis, quali foveatur amore
 Fñia, non questus audiet ille tuos;
 Orabis frustra talem, carissime, patrem,
 Invida ferventes auferet aura preces.”
 “At genetrix oranda tamen; nam mollior ægri
 Femina non nihili pendere vota solet.”
 “Hanc quoque tu” clamat, lacrimam dum siccat obortam,
 “Hanc caveas, nihili mollia verba facit;
 Haec tibi num credet, nullam quae semper amanti
 Quamvis jurato dictitat esse fidem?
 Praeripiatque faces citius si vana jugales,
 Mutatos sero flere dolore Deos.”
 “Dic igitur tandem, vita oh! mihi carior ipsa,
 Dic misero, quonam sis potiunda modo.
 Non exorandi si te genuere parentes,
 Quid me ni fatis occubuisse manet?”
 Illa “omen procul hoc absit, carissime; restat
 Non tibi nil tantis quo medeare malis;
 Si mens heu! durat non exoranda parentum,
 Quin natam, frustra non abiturus, adis?”

Virtue dieth not.

NE livid fang of black Envie,
Ne Time, Oblivion's sire,
Ne Hate, ne mighty Destinie
Can quench brighte Vertue's fire.

But on the path where dutie lies
His beacon-light doth fall,
Whom Justice as her own doth prize,
Justice beloved of all.

And eke in future ages' lore
Ringeth his memorie,
As fro coole fountaines evermore
Swete brookes make melodie.

C.

ΜΗ ΣΙΓΑ ΒΡΕΧΕΣΘΩ.

οὔτε γὰρ δάκος στυγερὸν φθόνοιο,
οὐ πατὴρ λάθας χρόνος, οὔτε δεινὸν
μῖσος, οὐ θήκειε κρυφὸν κραταιὰ
Μοῖρά κε τήνῳ,

ᾗτινι ξύνεστ' ἀρετά· πόνοισι δ'
ἐν καλοῖς ἄραρε φάος μέγιστον,
ὃν Θέμις γε Φοῖδε δίκας ἄωτον
πασιμέλοισα.

ἀλλὰ Φοι καύχημα ποθεννὸν ἀεὶ
καχλάσει λόγοις ὀπιθομβρότοισιν,
ὥς ἀπὸ κρανῶν κελάρυξε Φαδὺ
μέλλιχον ὕδωρ.

C.

Sweet Western Wind.

SWEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair;
Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
And all beset with flowers.

HERRICK.

Aura beui :

Quod tibi, Note, contigit beato,
Aeris levis aemulo, Perennae
Labra basiolis tuis adire,
Ventilare tibi comas protervas;
Huc, Note, huc ades, adferas vel unum,
Sicque Di, Note, sic Deae me amabunt,
Ut Jovis minime imbribus madebit
Rursus, at tua flosculis renidens
Ala turiferis fragrabit auris.

T.

The Coquette.

I'M no slave to such as you be,
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby
Ever rob me of my rest ;
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more soon enamoured swain ;
These common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty :
Turn away thy tempting eye :
Shew not me a painted beauty :
These impostures I defy ;
My spirit loathes
Where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths may love obtain ;
I love her so,
Whose look swears No,
That all your labours will be vain.

Scopulis sordior Hæcari.

Non tua non talis possum juga ferre puellae,
Non me istae Veneres sollicitare valent,
Non pectus niveum non passim sparsus ocellus
Non tua punicea tincta labella nota.
Ocyus hinc aliquo ! cuivis fulsura, figuræ
Fors plus depereat credulus ille jubar ;
Nam mihi ficta dabis cauto suspiria frustra
Nam (suetum 'st) risus ; irritus iste dolus.

Est ubi fixa fides, est quæ tenet altera captum ;
Lumina divertas illecebrosa licet.
Cur mihi cur pergis fucatum ostendere voltum ?
Namque ea ludibrio 'st ars patefacta mihi.
Sed mens bile tumet si quid perjuria possint,
Si sit inauratis vestibus emptus amor.
Ast ea rara placet casto quæ se negat ore,
Cur vanum tu sic aggredieris opus ?

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn ?
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain ;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

G. WITHER.

Num laudare potest quisquam male olentia florum

Quos immunda suo pectore turba ferat,

Si liceat primo non tacta in vepre rubentes

Virgineo manibus carpere flore rosas?

Impendas operam certo ut de foedere ducas

Mentem, at corde fides non temerata manet.

Ast ego nitentem cernam, tutusque sedebo,

Tuque operam perdens tu mihi risus eris.

C.

To Florella.

WHY will Florella, while I gaze,
My ravisht eyes reprove,
And hide from them the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But O how faint is every joy
Where Nature has no part!
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles doom'd to roam,
Meet pity everywhere;
Yet languish for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

ANON.

Ad Lydiam.

CUR illigatos vultibus in tuis
 Vultus reprendis, Lydia, dic, meos?
 Cur, dura, celasti, valet quae
 Me mihi surripere una, frontem?
 Fastidiosam te fugiens levo
 Curas amica difficili minus;
 Mutansque pulcra pulcriorem,
 Cuique magis placeo puellis.
 Frustra! voluptas integra abest nisi
 Torrentur igni pectora mutuo;
 Formosa sit Phyllis, moratur
 Lumina; tu mea corda vincis.
 Sic dura quem sors degravet exili
 Nullus vagantem non miserabitur;
 Ast ipse suspirat paternas,
 Mors ubi saeva paratur, oras.

B.

Epitaph on King Charles II.

HERE lies our mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

ROCHESTER.

Monumentum aere perennius.

CARNIS Rex jacet hic vorax ovinae,
Non fides fuit asse pluris uno ;
Nil unquam ille locutus inficetum,
Semper omnia fecit inficete.

T.

Prince Henry.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! was this easy?
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon as an offender to your father
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you.

SHAKESPEARE.

ΕΣ ΤΕΛΟΣ ΕΞΕΛΘΟΥΣΑ ΔΙΚΗ ΥΠΕΡ ΤΥΡΙΟΣ ΙΣΧΕΙ

- A.** δειν' ὥς ὄρατ' ἔμ', ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστά συ,
εἰδώς γε δήπου μὴ τὸ σὸν στέργοντ' ἐμέ.
- K.** εἰδώς μὲν οὖν, μετροῦντι τοῦμόν εὐλόγως,
ἐς τοὺς τυράννους κάρτ' ἀναίτιος γεγώς.
- A.** ἄλῃθες ; ὕβρεως δ', ἐς τοσοῦτον ἐλπιδῶν
βεβώς, γένοιτο πῶς ἂν ἀμνήμων ἄναξ ;
τὸ γὰρ βαλεῖν κακοῖσι κἀνδῆσαι πέδαις
τὸν γῆς ἀνάξοντ' αὖθις—ἦ τόδ' εὐμαρὲς ;
ἦ καί τι τοῦδε νίπτρον ἐκ Λήθης ἄκος ;
- K.** φορῶν γε μὴν τότε ὄμμα τοῦ πατρὸς σέθεν
εἶχόν τι καὶ μίμημα τῆς τυραννίδος·
καίτοι δικάζων ἥνικ' ἀντὶ βασιλέως
τῆς πατρίδος ἔσχον ἀσχόλως ὑπερπονῶν,
ἔδρα 'λαθέν μου σὸν φρόνημ' ἀμνημονοῦν
Θέμις τε σεμνότης τε παγκρατοὺς δίκης,
καὶ πρὸς τύπωμα τοῦν ἐμοὶ τυραννικόν,
πληγὰς δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς τοῖς δικαστικοῖς ἐμοὶ
ζυγοῖς ἔτεινας, καὶ τόθ' ἥνιās χαλῶν
προεδρίας, ἔδησα δεσμώτην σ' ἐγὼ
ὥς δὴ πανουργήσαντα πρὸς πατρὸς σέβας.

C.

Evening.

COME, the busy day is o'er,
Flying spindle gleams no more ;
Wait not till the twilight gloom
Darken o'er th' embroider'd loom.
Leave the toilsome task undone,
Leave the golden web unspun.
Hark, along the humming air
Home the laden bees repair ;
And the bright and dashing rill
From the side of every hill,
With a clearer, deeper sound,
Cools the freshening air around.

H. H. MILMAN.

HEAION METENISSETO BOYATTONΔE.

VERGIT sol operumque solvit omnes,
Nec cernis rapidos volare fusos;
Ne expecta tenebrae crepusculorum
Donec staminis occulant nitores:
Pensum desere tu laboriosum
Infectum, aureolasque linque telas.
Audis? Aethera per tumultuantem
Thesaurus repetunt apes onustae;
Audis? Praetrepidansque lucidusque,
Nullo non saliens cacumine, amnis
Arguto magis et gravi sonore
Clementem aethera temperat scatebris.

B.

· Come not when I am dead.

COME not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:
Go by, go by.

TENNYSON.

Semper tuas lacrimas littora surda bibent.

NE meum vanis lacrimis sepulchrum
Fleris, insultans capiti perempto ;
Quid quiescentem moveas opem cui
Dura negabas

Ferre viventi, cineres lacesens ?
Saevant Cori super ossa, parra
Occinat ; sed tu cinerum facessas
Immemor horum.

Sive te lusit malesuadus error,
Sive te culpae mala mens scientem,
Nil moror, quem sors manet hic ab omni
Parte molesta ;

Mens avet pacem ; piget hujus aevi ;
Cui velis nugas sino, at hinc abito,
Impotens, ito, cinerumque pergas
Immemor horum.

T.

Say, Father Thames.

SAY, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthal?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?

GRAY.

Fabis emissa iuventus.

DIC, Thamesine pater, nam, praeter moenia labens,
Vidisti juvenum ludere mille choros;
Currere gramineo vidisti margine ripae,
Lusibus innumeras ire redire vias;
Quis manibus vitream lentis diffindere lympham,
Carcere quis captam claudere primus avem?
Strenua ferventi quos urget inertia campo
Aut agitare pilas aut properare trochos?

B.

Love and Death.

I CRIED to Life, "All earthly things above
Let me behold the radiant brow of Love."
The fierce desire stirred all my passionate heart,
"Love! let me look on Love ere I depart."
The waters rounding to the rounded shore
One melancholy voice of warning bore;
The one cloud golden in the sunset swept
Into the gloom, a wraith that warned and wept;
Through the dumb woods of June a shudder went,
As the crisp leaves to lips prophetic bent.
And Life in sorrow raised the perilous fold,
"Importunate as Psyche's self, behold!"
Longing to horror yielded in a breath,
I who had looked on Love had looked on Death!

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.



ΠΟΛΛΑΙ ΜΟΡΦΑΙ ΤΩΝ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΩΝ.

“CAETERA despicio,” clamavi, “da mihi, Vita,
 In Veneris radians cernere fronte decus.”
 Quae tremulum rapuit pectus malesana cupido,
 “A mihi cedenti sit modo visa Venus!”
 At fluctus tumidi, curvantes litora curva,
 Voce gemunt miseras significante vices :
 Unica flens nubes, aurataque sole cadenti,
 In tenebras—omen triste—secabat iter :
 Saltusque horrebat tacitus, foliisque ferebat
 Cunctis faticinum livida labra nemus.
 Vitaque moerenti similis, “Flagrantior ipsa
 Psyche,” ait, “inspicias,” sustuleratque sinus.
 Inspicio, desiderium fugit, ingruit horror,—
 Heu, non visa Venus sed Libitina fuit !

C.

"*I munc, edere me jube libellos.*"

A LITERARY lady once asked Dr. Johnson for his candid opinion on a recent work of hers, adding that, if it did not meet his approbation, she had other irons in the fire; whereon the great critic with grim humour advised her to put the book where her other irons were.

JOSEPHUS (MILLER).

Post Prat.

PRAT he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault,
In no one Satyre there's a grain of salt.

HERRICK.

Long and Lazy.

THAT was the proverb; let my mistress be
Lazy to others, but be—long to me.

HERRICK.

ΣΟΦΗΝ ΔΕ ΜΙΣΘ.

“LEGISTI modo quem misi tibi, Tarpa, libellum?

Non nullas veneres hic, nisi fallor, habet.”

Cui salsum ridens, “Veneris tu, docta, marito * †

Has veneres Tarpa judice rite dabis.” T.

* *Juv. vii, 25*

† *Hor. Sat. i. x. 38,*

Expertus frustra Varro.

VARRO facetus homo 'st; salsos ait esse libellos;

Nec salis in salibus mica vel una salit.

B.

ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ ΧΑΡΑΚΤΗΡΕΣ.

“τὴν μεγάλην κούρην,” ὥδ' ἀμοργίνος ἂν εἴποι,

“ὑπνιδίαν νωθὴ τ' ἴσθι λέγειν με γαλήν.”

πᾶς δὲ γαλήν καλέσειε, Σιμωνίδῃ, ἦτε με τέρπει,

ἀλλὰ γαλήν' αὐτὸς μούνος ἔχοιμ' ἐν ἔρφ.

C.

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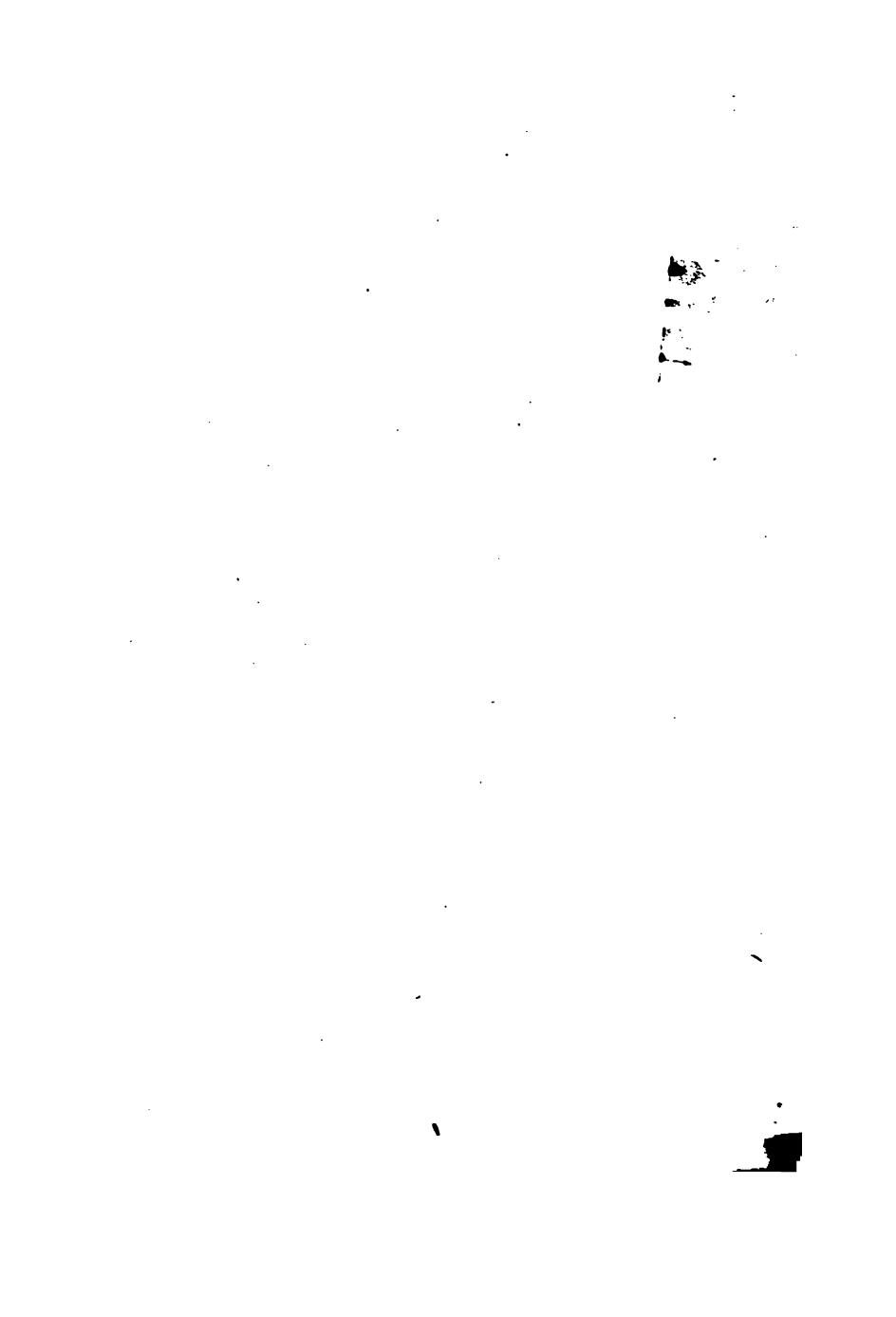
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